

*So, this is the big announcement I've been teasing for a few days... I'm pregnant! Looks like all those one-night pump and dumps with futanari girls finally paid off! I'd give the sperm donor a big shout-out, but she's kinda... boobfat right now. Guess I'll be eating for two from now on!*

Beneath the text, there was a picture of Lindsay holding a positive pregnancy test, and smiling widely at the camera.

Lindsay Smith smiled every time she returned to the post. She had made it a few hours ago, and she couldn't resist opening it up again every twenty minutes or so. With a tap on her phone, the deluge of new comments popped open, awash with gifts of money. The red-head has already made a bank off her VoreFans account, but the sight of even more money never fails to generate heat between her legs.

Lying back on her pillow, Lindsay looks over at the digital clock beside her bed. It's just past seven at night, and the sun has dipped below the horizon. She is dressed only in a pair of tight shorts, her ample chest bare, and the sudden drop in temperature is making her feel rather chilly now. It was the time of day in which the open windows that had previously been letting in sunlight now made the place feel dark, the red-head thinks with annoyance. It's one of the hardships of living in such a luxuriously large apartment, she supposes.

Feeling a bit too lazy to get up, the red-headed woman opens up her inbox, scrolling aimlessly through her messages. Most of the recent ones were congratulations on her pregnancy. Some of them were requests from prey to be her next meal. Feeling her stomach growl slightly, Lindsay licks her lips. It's about time she had someone else to eat, and it's not too early to begin nourishing the life that's now growing in her womb.

There were a few popular models who were requesting a collaboration, too. Lindsay ignored them, having not much interest in doing that right now. There was only one girl she wanted to "collaborate" with right now, after all. Closing the VoreFans app, Lindsay opens up her bank account, and can't resist letting out a little squeal of delight when she sees the stunningly large amount of money that she's now worth. In fact, she can even feel her arousal growing at the sight of the number as well. It wouldn't be the first time she's masturbated solely to her bank account, but the red-head resists the temptation and closes her phone instead, placing it snugly between her naked breasts.

Reflexively, she reaches out and touches her belly, partly in hunger and partly in maternal desire. She didn't *look* pregnant, but the pregnancy test next to the clock on her bedside table was certain. The idea that there was someone, her own daughter, growing inside her was a bizarre thought, and Lindsay felt like she was newly realizing it each time she looked down at her stomach. A lot of people have died inside her belly, the red-head thinks to herself, but it's the first time that her belly has *created* life.

Suddenly, the phone between her breasts vibrates, making the fat of her boobs jiggle slightly. Lindsay flinches in surprise, and wonders who's calling her. Perhaps it's the real-estate agent

with good news! Had that stupid bitch living in the apartment she wanted finally given in to her bullying and decided to sell? That would be the icing on the cake for today. Enjoying the feeling of the vibrations between her tits, Lindsay lets the phone ring a few times and then picks it up. "Hey! Good news?" she asks eagerly.

"I... kinda?" Her best friend replies, sounding a bit confused. "I've had a really weird day, so..."

"Melissa?!" Oh shit, her best friend had her session with Jessica Storm today! Between the confirmation of her pregnancy, and the VoreFans excitement, Lindsay had actually forgotten for a little while. "Hey! I thought your ass would be too tired tonight to ring. How was riding the White Lightning?"

"Oh, that..." On the other end, her best friend sounds oddly distracted. "The filming stuff went really well, I guess..."

Lindsay has known Melissa long enough to know when her friend has something else on her mind. "What's wrong?" she asks her, feeling slightly worried. "You sound a bit..."

"I'm fine!" comes the response, but Lindsay can tell that her best friend isn't quite as fine as she claims. "I just... had a weird run-in with a fan. Left me kinda rattled, I guess." Melissa clears her throat nervously. "Um, can you come over tonight? Being alone is making me nervous. I'll make you dinner and-"

"Yes!" Lindsay rolls out of bed, looking around wildly for her clothes. "I'm on my way!"

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Forty minutes later, Lindsay is in front of the door to Melissa's apartment, checking her appearance in a small folding mirror. She is dressed in a stylish dark red shirt that shows off a little bit of her belly, and a pair of jean shorts lined with white fur along the hem. Long, tight black boots reach up to her knees. Every part of her outfit is calculated to be as sexy as possible while still seeming rather casual. Looking herself over in the mirror, the red-head is rightfully proud of her fashion sense.

Slipping the mirror back into her handbag, Lindsay reaches out for Melissa's doorbell, and then hesitates. There's an energy in the air tonight, she knows. Ever since she'd confessed to being in love with Melissa, there's been a tenseness between them. Part of Lindsay's gut has felt wound up like a clock, waiting impatiently for an answer to the unspoken question. There was a good chance that everything between them would come to a head tonight, one way or another.

The red-head clenches her fists, and takes a deep breath. What was this stupid anxiety coming from? She had no reason to be nervous. She had thousands of women hanging off every word she said online. She made over ten thousand dollars a month, and climbing. She

had a cute little daughter brewing inside her. She was Lindsay *fucking* Smith. And while Melissa might hold her delicate heart in her hands, she was still Lindsay's best friend.

Lindsay rings the doorbell, and waits impatiently for her friend to open the door. She can still feel her stomach tense up, but she tries to ignore it. There's a certain hunger inside her, and the red-head almost wishes she was digesting someone, just to ease her rebellious stomach. Somehow, the few seconds of waiting feels like minutes. After a small eternity, the door cracks open, and a nervous blue eye peers out. When it sees Lindsay, there's a sigh of relief.

Melissa opens the door, smiling at her best friend. "Thanks for coming, Lin. I know it's a bit silly, but I felt a little nervous being alone tonight." She's dressed in a loose white shirt and a pair of black bike shorts. Around her neck is the heavy silver necklace Melissa had gotten a few days ago from that woman she'd eaten. Casual, but deeply sexy to Lindsay. The red-head can't help but feel a little annoyed that her best friend *nailed* the look she'd been going for without even meaning to. "Do you wanna stare at me all night, or..." Stepping aside, the freckled girl gestures for Lindsay to enter.

"Yeah, no problem. My schedule was open." I rushed over as soon as I fucking could, Lindsay knows is closer to the truth, but saying so felt a bit intense. "Thanks for, uh, having me over."

As Lindsay steps inside the door, it strikes her that she hasn't been over to her friend's place in quite a few years. The last time had been a little while before she'd moved to Newcastle for three years, if the red-head remembers correctly. Melissa's apartment is much the same as it had been back then. "This place is still small as hell," she comments to Melissa, as she looks around. A kitchen, a living room, and a bedroom with an attached bathroom. Barely even an apartment, in Lindsay's book.

"It's not *small*, you're just already used to being rich." Melissa closes the door, and turns back to her friend. The front door to her apartment is between the kitchen and the living room, and the freckled girl points over to the kitchen, where Lindsay can see a pot cooking. "I'm making dinner. Are you ready to eat?"

There's a lovely aroma wafting out from the pot, Lindsay can smell. She feels her stomach shiver at the scent, and a few seconds later, a loud rumble echoes around the apartment. "...I could eat. Are you cooking anyone I know?"

"No-one." Melissa rolls her eyes. "It's only pasta. Can a predator eat normal food, or no?"

Lindsay grins back at her. "You tell me!"

The freckled girl looks away, reaching up to touch the ruby around her neck. "That's not funny, Lin." The joke clearly didn't land quite the way Lindsay intended, and the red-head can tell that her friend isn't in the mood right now. Something odd must have happened to her, to make her

so... distracted. After a moment, Melissa points to the table on the other side of the living room. "Go and sit down, I won't be much longer in the kitchen."

"S-sure." Lindsay replies, hoping her burning curiosity isn't visible on her face. As her best friend walks over to the kitchen, Lindsay turns to the living room. It's a breath of nostalgia, as she looks around the room. The old couch where they'd watched movies. The glass table where they'd eaten a dozen times before, years ago. The crappy carpet under her boots.

There's the same old TV too. As Lindsay walks over to the couch, she can see that her friend had been watching the evening news. Some reporter with big boobs from Channel Seven is complaining about a big union strike shutting down trains in the city. Not hard to imagine why she'd gotten that job, and not for her awful reporting skills, Lindsay thinks wryly to herself as she pulls her boots off. "Hey Mel, can I change the channel?"

"Go for it." Melissa calls out from the kitchen. Lindsay picks up the remote from between two couch cushions and flips around the channels for a little while. Nothing much interesting on regular television, as usual. Lindsay's television back in her apartment has ten times the amount of channels, including dedicated vore channels. What she wouldn't give to have that playing right now? Finally, she settles on SBS, where they're playing a movie about two women making out. It's in French, so Lindsay has no clue *why* they're making out, but who really *cared* why two women were making out? It probably wouldn't affect her odds tonight, but every little bit helped, right?

A few minutes later, Melissa sticks her head around the corner. "You want a beer, or a vodka?" she asks Lindsay, holding up a bottle of each.

"Neither, thanks!" Lindsay pats her belly, raising an eyebrow at her best friend. "Did you already forget, or..."

Melissa looks down at her best friend's belly for a moment, and then blinks. "Oh... right. Can't have alcohol if you're pregnant..." She looks down at the bottles in her hand. "Well... shit. That could have been a problem. Thanks for reminding me."

"...You're welcome?" It's not that big a deal, so Lindsay isn't sure why her best friend responded like that. As Melissa vanishes back into the kitchen, the red-head turns back to the TV. On the screen, the two French girls are speaking French at each other instead of making out. Bored, Lindsay waits for them to start making out again. It takes a few minutes, but the two girls are headed toward a bed. A sex scene, maybe? Lindsay leans forward on the couch, interested. One of the girls starts to take off her shirt... and it cuts to some dude talking in a room. Losing interest, Lindsay turns away from the TV.

Standing up, the red-head feels the familiar squish of Melissa's old carpet beneath her feet. She wouldn't say that she'd *missed* it, but it felt pleasantly nostalgic. Walking over to the kitchen, Lindsay sticks her head around the corner and peers into the room.

Her best friend is stirring the pot, a troubled expression on her face as she stares into the boiling water. When she notices Lindsay staring at her, Melissa flinches and grabs the ruby around her neck. "Oh, shi- Lin!" She takes a deep breath, a little bit of sweat running down her cheek. "Don't *startle* me like that!"

"I mean, I wasn't trying to sneak up on you..." Lindsay tries to give her friend a reassuring smile as she steps into the small kitchen. "Are you feeling okay?"

"I'm fine." Melissa turns back to the pot. "Yeah, I'm fine," she says again after a moment.

She's clearly not fine, that much is obvious to Lindsay. Her best friend clearly has something uncomfortable on her mind, and the red-head *definitely* wants to know what it is. But Lindsay can sense that asking directly probably wouldn't work. Melissa clearly doesn't want to talk about it right now.

Instead, the red-head looks for something else to say. "Oh hey, I posted about my pregnancy to VoreFans, did you see?" She leans back against the wall, watching her best friend prepare their dinner. "It did really well, I got a crap ton of money from it. Lots of people excited for nine months of preggo porn from me."

Melissa turns around and smiles at her. It's a little bit forced, Lindsay can tell. "I'm glad for you, Lin." Biting her lip, the freckled girl stares down at Lindsay's belly again. "Are you... sure it was that girl, Tiffany, that did it?"

"Must have been. She's the only girl who I've been with since I came back to Sydney." Lindsay shrugs, remembering her one-night stand with the cute waitress. Tiffany would never know that she'd succeeded in impregnating Lindsay, not now that she was dead and buried in the red-head's chest.

"Yeah, but I mean..." Melissa seems rather unsure of herself. "I mean, you had sex with people back in Newcastle, right? Couldn't it have been one of them?"

"Nope." Lindsay's pretty sure about that part. "Tiff came inside me, and she's... she was the only person who's done that since I was a teenager." She gives Melissa a curious look. "You got something on your mind?"

Melissa shakes her head. "No, it's just... the two of you were only together for one night, right? And getting knocked up in one shot is really..."

"Nah, Tiff was a one-shot-wonder." The red-head folds her arms behind her head, smiling smugly. "Getting knocked up in one isn't as unlikely as you seem to think, Mel."

"Oh..." That didn't seem to be the answer that Melissa wanted. "I see."

Lindsay has a feeling that there was more to Melissa's question, but her best friend seems to have lost interest. "By the way, Mel, what's with the..." She gestures to her neck.

"Oh, this?" The heavy silver chain necklace clinks as Melissa touches the ruby resting at the base of her neck. "It... I had a weird day, and wearing this makes me feel more... secure." She turns back to the pot. "A-anyway, dinner's ready, I think. If you wanna sit down, I'll bring the pot over..."

Lindsay unfolds her arms, and walks over to the pot. "Looks heavy. I'll carry it for you." Without waiting for Melissa to speak, she picks up the heavy pot with ease. Her best friend seems a little taken aback, but Melissa just nods gratefully.

Walking over to the table, Lindsay sets the pot down in the middle. Her best friend apparently already set the table before the red-head arrived, as two plates and cutlery are already neatly arranged. A few moments later, Melissa joins her, carrying a pair of glasses, yellow juice in each. "You're not drinking vodka?" Lindsay asks as she sits down.

Melissa sits down opposite to her, and blushes slightly. "No, I... I'm just going to have juice, I think. Just in case."

"Suit yourself." Damn, Lindsay had been hoping her best friend might get a little buzzed. It would have made her a little looser about what happened today. "Mmm, smells good!"

"I didn't really work super hard on this..." The freckled girl has always been a little bashful about her cooking, and undeservedly so, in Lindsay's opinion. "I, um, hope you like it."

"You know me, I have a *big* appetite. Always goes straight to my boobs" Lindsay pokes her belly, and feels a satisfying rumble. "And now that there's a little sprog inside me, I actually have a *reason* to be eating for two!"

Melissa leans over slightly to stare at Lindsay's belly under the table. She seems rather fixated on it tonight. "I still can't believe you're actually..." she trails off, nervously touching the necklace again. "I know you're pregnant, but it's to wrap my mind around it..."

"You wanna touch it?" Lindsay leans back in her chair and lifts up her shirt, holding it just under her breasts to show off her belly. The red-head has always prided herself on her toned abs, and she hopes that Melissa is getting a good eyeful.

The freckled girl does indeed seem to be rather appreciative of the view. "S-sure!" She stands up from her chair and walks around the table. Lindsay turns in her seat slightly to give her best friend a better angle. Hesitantly, Melissa reaches out a hand, and gently touches the red-head's belly.

Lindsay feels her muscles tense as her best friend slowly caresses her stomach. It feels... *really* good, Melissa touching her like this. And not in a platonic way either. It seems like Melissa has become aware of that too, judging by the blush on her cheeks. "Sorry, I didn't mean to touch for too long..." She stops her hand, but doesn't pull away from the touch.

"It's okay!" Lindsay says quickly, hoping that her friend will continue. "I'm not... um, don't worry about it!"

"You're not...?" Melissa looks confused. "S-sorry, I thought I might be turning you on or something..."

"You *are* turning me on. But you don't need to worry about that at all." Lindsay can feel her vagina heating up inside her shorts. She lowers her shirt again, grinning teasingly at her best friend. "Can we eat? I'm *starving*."

Melissa blinks, and looks down at the hand she'd been touching Lindsay's belly with. "S-sure..."

The meal turns out to be rather good, in Lindsay's opinion. Melissa has never had a wide array of cooking skills, but she can certainly make a mean pasta. Especially when her best friend is hungry as hell. It's no substitute for a person, but nothing is, to be fair. As soon as her bowl is empty, Lindsay fills it again. "This is good shit, Mel."

"Really?" Melissa looks vaguely surprised to hear it. As Lindsay eagerly digs in to her second helping, the freckled girl seems a little bashful. "I'm glad you like it."

"You're hot, cute *and* a good cook." Lindsay grins at her best friend, hoping she's not laying on the flirtiness too hard. "I could eat your cooking for the rest of my life."

"I-is that so?" The freckled girl seems rather happy to hear that, to Lindsay's delight. It gives the red-head a little more hope that she might be able to enjoy Melissa's cooking for the rest of their lives.

There's a long, tense silence for a little while, as the sounds of eating fill the living room. On the television screen, Lindsay can see that one of the French girls from earlier has eaten her lover, the other French girl. Now she's making out with a third French girl, to Lindsay's surprise. The movie must have been made by some horny predator, the red-head guesses.

Turning back to her best friend, Lindsay empties her third bowl of pasta, right as Melissa is barely managing to finish her first. The red-head briefly considers going for a fourth, and decides that might be a bit much. She's still a little hungry, and Lindsay wonders if it's from being pregnant, or from her stomach becoming used to human-sized meals again. Setting the bowl down, she smiles at Melissa.

Now that they're done eating, the silence between them feels a little awkward. Lindsay blinks, and looks for something to talk about. "So, uh, how did your shoot with Jessica Storm go today?" she asks, licking her lips. The pornstar had made a post on VoreFans during Lindsay's trip over to Melissa's apartment, and Lindsay had been surprised at how glowing Jessica's review of Melissa had been.

"Oh, um... I enjoyed it." Melissa shifts in her chair, though Lindsay can tell her friend isn't uncomfortable. "I enjoyed it a *lot*."

"Yeah, she's got a big one, hasn't she?" Lindsay smirks at her best friend, and remembers back to her own shoot with Jessica a few weeks ago. As much as the red-head was embarrassed to admit it, the pornstar had absolutely dominated her. Lindsay's vagina throbs at the memory of the massive dick that had invaded her. "She's a hell of a screw. I'm amazed that you can sit down properly!"

Melissa winces slightly. "Well, it *does* kinda hurt, but in a good way." She points at her belly button. "I can still kinda feel it inside. But I think she might have been a bit slower with me than you."

"Why's that?" Lindsay raises an eyebrow as she sips her juice.

"Well... before the shoot, I had to..." Melissa explains the story of how she and the two assistants ventured out to the clothing store, and came back late. When she describes how Jessica Storm devoured her assistant for being late, Lindsay almost spits out her juice.

Laughing hysterically, Lindsay can't help but be amused at Sejin's fate. "That's fucking *hilarious!* What a fucking idiot!" She leans back in her chair, still giggling softly. "Now she gets to jiggle on her ex-girlfriend forever. Maybe she should have tried harder to please in the first place. I know I would have." She takes a deep breath, still smiling. "Yeah, I can see why you're a bit on edge. That sounds hot as fuck, but seeing it up close must have been scary."

"Huh?" Melissa blinks in confusion. "N-no, that wasn't what..." She clears her throat. "No, I'm used to that kind of thing... mostly. You used to do it all the time, and so did Xanthe, remember?"

So that wasn't the reason that Melissa was upset? "So why are you...?" Lindsay begins, but her best friend interrupts her.

"I... the thing is..." The freckled girl touches her belly. "When we were, um, having sex... Jessica refused to use a condom."

"What?" Lindsay narrows her eyes. "You don't mean she forced you to-"



“No! No, she didn’t!” Melissa shakes her head quickly. “No, I... agreed to it. And she... came inside me. Unprotected.” She takes a deep breath, her speech speeding up slightly as the freckled girl’s voice rises in pitch. “And after what she told me, I thought it was a good idea at the time, but ever since then I’ve been flipping between thinking it was a good idea and a terrible idea...”

Lindsay holds up her hands. “*Whoa*, girl. Slow down! Take a breather for a moment.” In front of her, Melissa picks up her juice and takes a long sip. It seems to calm her down a little. “Okay, so Jessica emptied her bucket in your trough, that’s what you’re saying?”

“I probably wouldn’t use that slang to say it, but... yeah.” Melissa blushes at the memory. “We... there was nothing to stop her. And there was a *lot*. It took ages to clean up... and I probably waited too long to let it drain out, and...”

For a moment, Lindsay feels a twinge of immense jealousy toward Jessica Storm. While she liked the futanari pornstar, the red-head had to admit that she was sad that someone else might have successfully impregnated her best friend. It was an irrational jealousy, Lindsay knows. She hadn’t been born with a penis and testicles, and she’d never had the ability to impregnate Melissa. Still, though...

But wait, wasn’t this actually *great*? If Melissa got pregnant, then the two of them would be almost identical in their pregnancy schedules. They’d be pregnant together, able to share in each other’s joy and struggles. Even without money concerns, Lindsay had to admit that being pregnant was a daunting concept. But the idea of being pregnant *with* her best friend was actually kinda exciting. Arousing, even.

“That would be *awesome!*” Lindsay exclaims out loud. She grabs her best friend’s hands across the table, and squeezes them excitedly. “We can be pregnancy buddies!”

Melissa is rather surprised by the red-head’s sudden enthusiasm, but not unhappy about it either. “W-well, it’s not guaranteed that Jessica knocked me up, y’know?” Actually, the freckled girl seems quite happy about Lindsay’s reaction. “And yeah, it *does* sound fun to be pregnancy buddies, but...” She sighs deeply. “If it’s true, and I’m pregnant, I can’t help but feel worried about it...”

“Why?” Lindsay grins broadly, feeling the food inside her begin to digest. Soon, nutrients will be trickling into her womb, nourishing the new life inside her. The thought makes the red-head profoundly happy, in a way that she’s never felt before. She winks at Melissa. “You’ve got enough money to have a kid, even if you’re doing VoreFans. Heck, *especially* if you’re doing VoreFans. Your income’s probably gonna increase even more!”

“If you say so...” Melissa fingers her necklace, not seeming entirely convinced. “I guess I’d probably make some good money from it, though...” That thought seems to cheer her up a little.

Lindsay feels a burst of pride in her chest. “Of course you will. You saw my post, didn’t you? I’ve been making buckets all day since then. People are fucking *falling over themselves* to give me their hard-earned cash.” She smirks. “Not that I don’t *deserve* it, of course. People like you and me, Mel, beautiful people, we’re only getting our due from the ordinary people.”

“That’s true, I guess...” Melissa nods, but her face has turned dark. “To tell the truth, I haven’t looked at the app since I came back home today.”

“Huh? Why not?” Lindsay is taken aback by that. Wait did that mean that Melissa hadn’t seen the post that Jessica Storm made about her? “You know that Jessica put your profile up on hers as a recommended account, right?” When Melissa blinks in surprise, Lindsay continues. “She gave you a *glowing-ass* review. Said you were the best fuck she’d had in a long time. I’d be annoyed, but she’s probably right. You’ve probably doubled your subscriber count since you got home!”

Melissa seems rather overwhelmed by that info. “Oh, fuck... are you serious?” She reaches up and touches the ruby around her neck. “I-I’ve been avoiding the app for a little bit, because I think I might have a message or two from... a-a *fan* I ran into today.”

“...a fan?” Lindsay can’t help but feel a little alarmed at the sound of that. Come to think of it, Melissa had mentioned something about a run-in with a fan over the phone. “What happened? Did the fan do something weird?” The red-head rarely ran into anyone who recognised her in public, though whenever it had happened, they’d been quite pleasant.

“I-I don’t wanna talk about it!” Melissa blushes heavily, and looks away from Lindsay.

The red-head hesitates for a moment, and then decides not to pry. “That’s fine, Mel-”

“It was just... when I left, there was this policewoman, and she asked me some questions about Talia...” Melissa scowls at the wall, staring at something Lindsay can’t see. “And then this... woman appeared and said she was a fan, and...” She trails off, and shakes her head. “It... it’s not important.”

“O-okay...” Lindsay feels quite lost. “Well, if you don’t wanna talk about it, you don’t have to-”

“And the fan, she was *clearly* a predator, and well...” Melissa leans back in her chair, her cheeks flushed. “Her and the cop were arguing, and then they started fighting... The cop told me to leave, and I think the predator was gonna try and eat her, so I left.” There’s a moment’s pause, as the freckled girl drums her fingers on her knee. “It’s... the cop’s probably fine. She’s a cop, she knows how to handle a predator, probably. Even if the predator... whatever.” She turns back to Lindsay. “It doesn’t bother me that much.”

The red-head can tell that it’s a lie, and she doesn’t need to have known Melissa as long as she had to realize that. Nor did she need to have known the freckled girl for long to know when

she's trying to convince herself of something that's obviously untrue. From the sounds of it, there was probably one less cop in the world right now. "Did you get the officer's name?" Lindsay asks, curious. To be honest, she's amazed that someone had even bothered to follow up on the tattooed waitress's disappearance at all.

"Her name was..." Melissa thinks for a moment. "Ah, I don't remember what the officer's name was!" she says at last, shaking her head in annoyance.

Lindsay can tell her friend is more shaken up by the encounter than Melissa wants to admit. "Oh well, what does it matter? The odds of you running into that random fan again are slim to none, in a city of this size." She snorts in amusement. "And if that policewoman got eaten, who cares? The less cops in this world, the better!"

"Yeah, true." Melissa sighs softly. "But that fan... she was so... so..."

"So...?" The red-head prompts her best friend.

"It's not important." Melissa shivers slightly, and Lindsay wonders if she's cold. It doesn't feel particularly chilly in the apartment, even in the light clothing the both of them are wearing. There's a long pause, as Melissa looks deeply unsettled. Lindsay reaches across the table and takes her hand again, squeezing it gently. To the red-head's relief, her best friend smiles at her touch. "I'll, uh, clear off the table, if you're done."

As Melissa stands and picks up their bowls, Lindsay stands up too. "Here, let me carry that heavy pot for you," she teases Melissa with a smirk.

"Should a pregnant woman be carrying heavy things?" Melissa asks wryly. She doesn't stop Lindsay though. Both of them know that the red-head is the much stronger of the two.

"I might be beautiful and sexy as hell, but I'm built tough." Lindsay nods down to her belly. "I'm building this one tough as well."

The pot is still half filled with pasta, and Lindsay can feel her stomach growl at the sight as she carries it back into the kitchen. She feels full enough, but part of her wants to gorge herself until her gut is bulging. Need to eat someone soon, the red-head thinks to herself with amusement. The idea that she'd already begun craving women made her rather excited.

"Are you sure that you had enough?" Melissa is giving her a suspicious look as she loads their bowls and cutlery into the dishwasher. "You look hungry as shit."

"I am, but don't you worry about that." Setting the heavy pot back down on the stovetop, Lindsay pats her stomach. "Your food's delicious, but my guts are craving girl meat. Maybe the little one in there's already a predator."

“Ha, maybe.” Melissa smiles for a moment, but a few seconds later, she looks troubled again.

There’s an awkward moment between the two of them, as Lindsay wonders what they’re going to do next. Melissa invited her over for dinner, but now they’d eaten. Should she leave? Normally, Lindsay would have stayed longer, maybe even spent the night. But after admitting that she was in love with her best friend, ‘sleeping over’ felt like a much different concept...

No, Lindsay wasn’t going to be content with just leaving now, without an answer to the unspoken question between them. She was getting an answer tonight, one way or another. Jabbing a thumb back toward the living room, Lindsay tries to grin cheerfully. “Hey, let’s go finish that movie!”

“Huh?” Melissa flinches slightly, as if she had been shaken out of deep thought. “Uh, yeah. Sure. What movie is it?”

“Ah, some French shit.” Lindsay hadn’t been watching it for the plot, after all. “There’s vore in it though!”

Melissa seems vaguely interested in that last part. “Really? On *television*?” Reaching into the fridge, the freckled girl pours herself a new glass of juice.

“It’s *artistic*.” The red-head chides Melissa as she leads her back into the living room. “Just enjoy it, okay?”

As the two friends sit down on the couch, Lindsay can see that there’s some kind of orgy going on in the movie. Not a man in sight either, only women doing post-watershed things to each other’s genitals. Melissa raises an eyebrow at the scene, but doesn’t shy away either, to Lindsay’s quiet delight.

“Why are some of them painted red?” The freckled girl asks after they’ve watched for a few minutes. Indeed, some of the women on the screen have red skin, with horns in their long red hair.

“Beats the fuck outta me.” Lindsay shrugs. “I guess they’re demons, maybe.”

Melissa thinks for a moment. “Oh, I know this movie. I think this is the one that made headlines a few years back, because they had a vore scene where the actress *actually* devoured someone for real on screen.”

“Oh shit, really?” Lindsay had seen the scene earlier, but she’d assumed it had just been good special effects. “What’s the name of it? I wanna... research it later.”

“It was... ‘Histoire’ something or other.” Melissa shrugs, and sips her glass. “You can probably Google it.”

“I guess.” Lindsay licks her lips, feeling a slight desire to tease her best friend. “But if I wanted to see a vore video, I’d wanna watch your scene with Jessica Storm first.” She leans back on the couch. “When’s that coming out, by the way? Did Jessica tell you?”

Melissa looks down into her juice and sighs. “She, uh, messaged me earlier to say it’d be, like, a week or so.”

“A week?!” Lindsay’s scene hadn’t taken that long to come out, she was sure. “I gotta wait a whole week? But I wanna see you getting knocked up *now!*” the red-head exclaims in mock frustration.

The freckled girl laughs at that, but Lindsay can tell that it’s kinda forced. In fact, Melissa actually seems rather uncomfortable with that joke. “Knocked up, huh?” the freckled girl says, almost to herself. She reaches down and touches her belly gently.

Lindsay feels like crap now. “Ah, shit. Sorry Mel, I didn’t realize you were *that* bothered by-”

“N-no!” Melissa holds up a hand to stop her best friend. “Don’t apologize, I was... I’m just feeling nervous, okay?”

“Nervous?” Lindsay is a little baffled. “About what?”

The freckle girl takes a deep breath and puts down her juice. “Lin... I think I might be pregnant now, too.” She drums her fingers on the table nervously. “I know it’s *way* too early to do a test or whatever, and I know I’m probably overthinking it, but...” Melissa bites her lip, and Lindsay can’t help but be amazed at how cute her best friend can look, even while stressing out. “I just... I’ve got, like, a *feeling*, y’know? Jessica was just so... so fucking *virile*, I just can’t imagine that she didn’t knock me up.”

“Okay...” Lindsay tries to think of how to cheer Melissa up. “But, you’ve got plenty of money for it! So you don’t have to worry about that, I guess.”

“I didn’t mean money, I meant actually being a *parent!*” Melissa grimaces at the thought. “Lin, I have no idea how to be a mum. I barely know how to be an *adult.*”

Well, Lindsay can’t say that the thought doesn’t bother her either. “Mel, *no-one* knows how to be a parent before they actually do it.” She lets go of Melissa’s hands, and leans back in her chair, folding her arms behind her head smugly. “And life gets a lot easier when you realize that *nobody* knows how to be an adult. We’re all just kids, pretending to be mature. But none of us actually know what we’re doing.”

“I guess...” It doesn’t seem like Melissa was cheered up by that. Lindsay feels a twinge of bother at the sight of her best friend almost in tears. “I just... I don’t know what I should *do*. I don’t even know how to begin. What should I do, Lin? Do you know?”

“You should move in with me.”

The words are out there before Lindsay even realizes what she’s saying. She hadn’t even really thought about it, she’d just wanted to get that deeply upsetting look of sadness far away from her best friend’s face.

It seemed to have worked somewhat. Instead of melancholy worry, Melissa’s face is now filled with shock. “What?” she asks Lindsay, sounding confused. “What do you mean?”

Okay, this is happening. Lindsay had wanted to wait for a better moment, but it was happening right now, right here. No turning back. “Okay, so... you know that, uh, ‘secret project’ I told you about last week?” After a moment, Melissa nods slowly. Lindsay feels a little touched that her best friend remembered. “Well, uh... my apartment hunting and my secret project are actually the same thing. But I haven’t been looking for an apartment for me, I’ve been looking for an apartment for the two of us.”

Melissa’s eyes widen. “Wait, are you serious?”

“Yes!” Lindsay plows on, knowing that she needs to get everything out in the open right now. “Look, Mel... I’ve been wanting to live with you for years. When I came back to Sydney, it was my only real desire. And now, if we’re *both* pregnant, we can help each other with everything too!” She reaches over and takes Melissa’s hands, staring into her best friend’s dumbfounded eyes. “Don’t you think we’d be great room-mates?”

Melissa stares at her for a long moment, her lips moving slowly, as if she’s trying to find the right words. “Lin,” she says hesitantly, “I don’t want to be room-mates with you.”

A bottomless pit opens up in Lindsay’s stomach. “Mel...”

“No, no, wait!” Melissa waves her hands frantically, almost shaking off Lindsay’s grip. “I didn’t mean... *that*, I meant...” She closes her eyes, thinking hard. “I mean, I don’t want to be *room-mates* with you, I...”

A fiery blush has come over Melissa’s face, dampening her freckles to near-invisibility. “Oh, *god*, I guess I’m doing this now!” she declares, letting out a hysterical giggle. “Everything between us is always such a fucking *mess*, why should this be any different?!”

Lindsay doesn’t dare open her mouth, but she’s hanging off every one of Melissa’s words.

After a moment, her best friend tries again. “Lin, do you remember what you said to be in the hotel room a few days ago?”

How could she ever forget? “Yeah, of course.” Lindsay responds breathlessly.

“C-can you... repeat it?” Melissa looks away from her best friend’s gaze, blushing even redder somehow. How there’s enough blood in her body to turn that red, Lindsay has no idea.

“I said I was crazy in love with you.” The words come quickly to Lindsay, as if they’re eager to leap off her tongue. “I said I’ve been in love with you for years.” Confidence fills the red-head’s heart as she speaks. “And I’ll go further than that! When I moved to Newcastle, I tried to forget about my feelings for you, but they wouldn’t change. I went through *four* girlfriends, and not one of them could fill the space in my heart for you! I want to be with you everyday, I want to touch you, I want you to love me. I want *you*, Melissa Jones!” It’s deeply embarrassing, but Lindsay can feel a few tears rolling down her cheek.

There is a long pause, as the two friends stare into each other’s eyes.

“B-but, that’s how I feel...” Lindsay clears her throat awkwardly, aware that her own face must be as red as Melissa’s. “Do you... feel the same way?”

“I mean...” Melissa laughs softly in a nervous way. “I mean, I *don’t*...” When Lindsay’s eyes widen, the freckled girl rushes to explain herself. “I mean, I have feelings for you, Lin! Like, y’know, I-lesbian ones.” Embarrassed Melissa wasn’t much of a wordsmith, but Lindsay understood what she meant. “Before you came back to Sydney, I’d never even thought about you that way... or at least, I didn’t know I did. But now...”

“But now?” Lindsay’s heart was soaring, but she needed to hear the words. There was nothing in her entire life that was as sweet as the words that she knew were coming.

Melissa smiles, her face a mess of anxiety. “But now... I’m, um, open to trying it.”

“*It?*” Lindsay prompts teasingly.

The freckled girl shakes her head. “You know what I mean, Lin!”

“I do.” Lindsay is intent on savoring every part of the glorious moment. “But I want to hear you say it, with a cute blush on your face.”

“You...” Her best friend scowls in embarrassment. “F-fine. I guess I owe you that.” She clears her throat. “By ‘it’, I mean... I want to try d-dating you, okay? I want to try being your girlfriend, and I want to try you being *my* girlfriend.” She grins slightly at Lindsay. “Is that enough for you, you damn perv?”

Lindsay can't help but smile stupidly. "It'll do for now." She squeezes Melissa's hands. "I guess I'll accept your offer of courtship."

For a little while, the two women just stare at each other, grinning happily. The movie on the television ended a little while ago, but neither of them noticed. They're too busy enjoying the moment. It's not perfect, but nothing ever is between them. To be honest, that makes it all the more enjoyable.

Eventually, Melissa blinks. "So, uh, now what?" She asks Lindsay curiously.

"What do you mean?" Lindsay feels a little lost herself.

The freckled girl licks her lips nervously. "I mean, we just said we were gonna... I mean, shouldn't we, like, *do* something?"

"L-like what?" Lindsay understands what Melissa is getting at, but this is unfamiliar ground for her as well. "I don't know!"

"What do you mean?!" Melissa can't help but giggle slightly. "Aren't you the expert here? I was kinda hoping you'd be the lead here."

"How could I?!" The red-head cracks an amused smile. "I don't have a lot of experience when it comes from upgrading my best friend to my girlfriend!"

Her best friend is breathing heavily now. "Well, I guess we should, like, kiss right? That's what they do in, like, movies, right?"

"S-sure!" That sounds like a plan to Lindsay. "Well... come at me then!"

Melissa does.

Her best friend tastes of warmth, fire, and love. But mostly of pasta. Lindsay is shocked to feel Melissa's lips on her own, before her brain even has time to catch up. The kiss is so sudden, Lindsay actually takes a moment to respond, so shocked by the sudden display of confidence on Melissa's part. Her best friend's lips are burning against her own, almost intoxicatingly. Lindsay has kissed more than a few girls in her life, but this is different, much different.

Recovering from her stunned state, Lindsay reaches up and tangles her hand in Melissa's hair, pulling her in closer. Their lips burn together, fire on fire. It feels good, terrifyingly good. Part of Lindsay fears that she will be consumed by the flames, and part of her wants to be. The knowledge that the lips against her own belonged to her best friend only makes it better.



After a few moments, they break apart, panting for air. Lindsay can feel her lungs burning. They must have been kissing for much longer than she realized. “W-wow!” is all the red-head can gasp out. “That was-”

“Oh, shut up, Lin!” Melissa descends again, and their lips crash together for a second time. This time, Lindsay is ready for her. As their mouth move against each other, the red-head pushes her tongue through Melissa’s lips, and invades her best friend’s mouth. Inside, the freckled girl’s tongue is easy prey fo her own, and Lindsay delights in wrestling it down into submission. The taste is the main pleasure though. If Lindsay had known that her best friend’s mouth tastes this divine, she might have pinned Melissa down long ago. There’s a copious amount of flavor left over from the pasta too, but Lindsay can hardly complain about that. But now, it’s time for the next step...

Reaching out, Lindsay touches her best friend’s waist, and Melissa shivers slightly. The red-head feels, rather than hears, the small moan that the freckled girl lets out at her touch. Slowly, Lindsay moves upwards, to the two prizes she’s waited many years to claim for herself. She could have touched Melissa’s breasts as a friend, of course, but doing so as a *lover*... well, that was something else entirely.

They weigh heavily in her hands, the two objects of the red-head’s erotic desire. Even through the fabric of Melissa’s shirt, and the bra underneath, she can feel the soft firmness of her best friend’s breasts. They’re even bigger than she’d expected, and Lindsay thanks Talia, the tattooed waitress, for giving her life to become the boobfat in the red-head’s hands. She’ll never get to enjoy the delights that she’d died for, but Lindsay certainly intended to enjoy them. Lifting up Melissa’s shirt, Lindsay ran her hands up her friend’s bare stomach...

Suddenly, Melissa breaks the kiss and pulls back, leaving Lindsay’s tongue wagging in the air. “Ngh... L-Lin, wait a moment...!” she moans, clearly quite stimulated by her best friend groping her.

“Shit!” Lindsay lets go of Melissa’s boobs, feeling embarrassed. “S-sorry Mel... did I go too fast? I didn’t mean to...”

“No, it’s fine, Lin!” Melissa grabs Lindsay’s hands, pulling them into her lap. “I’m fine with... *that*, with you... touching me like that, but...” She’s still breathing heavily, and Lindsay can’t help but feel a little turned on by the sight. “Today was really... a lot. And Jessica really gave me a battering. I’m fine with... h-having sex, it’s just that *tonight*...”

“...You’re not feeling up to it.” Lindsay gives her best friend a reassuring smile. “It’s okay, Mel! I understand.” She grins weakly. “You’re giving me the worst case of blue balls in my life, but it’s fine.”

“Thanks for understanding...” Melissa looks quite sheepish now. “I know it’s a bit awkward to say it now, but I *really* enjoyed that...”

Lindsay smiles brightly at her best friend. "Me too!" She takes a deep breath. "So, what now? If we're not gonna... I mean, if you don't want me to sleep over, I can..."

"No, you're sleeping over." Melissa says firmly. "I want to sleep with you tonight, but... I mean I want to *sleep* with you tonight, okay?"

As the freckled girl rises from the couch, Lindsay can't help but feel a little disappointed. "Yeah, I'm happy to just cuddle tonight. I'm gonna cuddle your brains out, Mel." She looks around for a moment. "So, uh, I didn't bring any pajamas or anything."

"What would you need those for?" Melissa gives her a curious look, and then reaches down, her fingers curling around the hem of her white shirt. A few seconds later, the shirt lands in Lindsay's lap, and the red-head's eyes bulge as she takes in Melissa's blue bra. A deep red blush covers the freckled girl's face, but she seems more happy than embarrassed. "I-I sleep naked, Lin. Is that okay with you?"

"I-I can live with that." Lindsay stares, hoping that she's not drooling as Melissa slips off her black bike shorts, letting them fall down to her ankles. "...not to ruin the moment, but what's with all the sapphires on the bra?"

Melissa looks down, and seems a little bashful. "They were the most expensive set in the store, okay?" She reaches behind her, and Lindsay sees the blue bra slacken as it's unhooked. A few moments later, it joins her shorts on the ground.

This is not the first time Lindsay has seen Melissa's bare breasts, not by a long shot. Hell, she'd seen them just the other day, after Melissa had eaten Talia. Back in high school, they'd changed in front of each other many times. But this was the first time that Melissa was showing Lindsay her bare body on purpose. As her blue panties hit the ground, Melissa stands before her best friend, naked as the day she was born. Well, not quite. That heavy silver necklace still hangs around her neck, but apart from that, the only thing the freckled girl wears is a blush on her cheeks.

Melissa seems to bask in Lindsay's stare for a moment, and then yawns. "Lin, I'm, like, dead tired. I don't mind if you wanna stay up for a bit, but I'm gonna-"

"Why the fuck would I wanna stay up if I could be in bed with you instead?" Lindsay picks up the remote, and clicks off the TV. Standing up, she runs her gaze up and down Melissa's naked body, not even remotely trying to hide her attraction. Her best friend is surprisingly fit, and Talia has filled her out in all the right places. Just then, Lindsay has a wonderful idea. "Yeah, you do look tired..."

Melissa opens her mouth to say something, but she's interrupted by the red-head wrapping an arm around her shoulder, and then the other around her butt. With a grunt of effort, Lindsay bodily picks up the freckled girl, who yelps in surprise as she's lifted into the air.

"*Much* better..." Lindsay smirks down at the girl in her arms. She's heavier than the red-head would have expected, but Lindsay is a predator, and has little trouble manhandling a woman. Melissa looks rather shocked, but she does nothing to resist. In fact, she wraps an arm around her best friend's shoulder, to steady herself.

"Fuck, Lin, I knew you were strong, but holy shit!" Melissa seems to be enjoying herself, as the red-head carries her into the bedroom. "Now that we're... y'know, you need to do this for me more often."

Lindsay smirks, feeling quite pleased at her own strength. "Shoulda know that a perv like you would get off on getting a caveman carried by her girlfriend." Melissa doesn't respond, but her face seems to suggest that Lindsay tease was right on the mark.

Melissa's bedroom is rather small for Lindsay's tastes. The bed is kinda old too, and the red-head knows she's definitely not the first person to sleep with Melissa in it. She's definitely the first *woman* though, so Lindsay doesn't really feel any jealousy about that. As she gently sets her best friend down on the bed, Melissa rolls over and looks at her expectantly. Lindsay knows exactly what she's waiting for.

All of a sudden, the clothes that Lindsay spent so long agonizing over before she came here feel tight and restricting. They just can't come off fast enough! Reaching down, Lindsay pulls off her stylish red shirt, and begins to fight with the zipper of her jeans shorts. After breaking it open, she pulls her phone out of her pocket, and sets it down on the bedside table. Then, she lets the shorts fall to her ankles.

Yeah, this bedroom is a normal size for an ordinary person, Lindsay knows, but as a newly minted member of the upper class, it feels remarkably small to her. A bedroom should be opulent as fuck, in her opinion. At least, that's what the bedroom in the apartment she wanted was. High ceilings, huge windows and a killer view out across Darling Harbour. The instant Lindsay had seen it, she'd known that she wanted to settle down with Melissa there.

Of course, the owner of that apartment didn't want to sell, but Lindsay had never taken 'no' for an answer for anything in her life. Everything had always gone her way, even her best friend now too. So, she'd instructed her real estate agent to make sure that the bitch changed her mind about selling to Lindsay  *fucking*  Smith. And if she didn't make way for her and Melissa... well, Lindsay had been craving a meal anyway. The owner might be less opposed to selling when she was sliding out between Lindsay's ass cheeks.

As Lindsay slides her black panties down said ass cheeks, she pulls them off and tosses them away across the room. They hit the wall, but Lindsay couldn't care less about her clothes right

now. Now as naked as her best friend, the red-head eagerly grabs the sheets and pulls the aside.

Melissa does the same, but then she stops. “Ah, shit. I just realized I only have one pillow...”

“I bought two of my own.” Lindsay grabs the pillow, and places it under her own head. “I’ll use your one, and you can use mine...” She grins lavishly, and grabs her own breasts, giving them a squeeze.

After a moment of blushing, Melissa nods, and lays her head down on Lindsay’s chest. As she does, the red-head wraps an arm around her best friend’s shoulder. “How’s this?” Melissa asks, shifting around to find a slightly more comfortable position against Lindsay’s boobs. Her necklace clicks as she moves.

“I could do without the chain around your neck.” Lindsay can feel the metal against her nipple.

Melissa bites her lip. “I... like it around my neck. Are you gonna be okay if I leave it on? You’re not uncomfortable, are you?”

“It’s...” Every nerve ending in Lindsay’s body feels like it’s firing. She can feel, with exquisite intensity, her bare skin rubbing against her best friend’s bare skin. Her breasts are being squished by Melissa’s head, and the freckled girl’s brown hair is straying onto the red-head’s neck, gently tickling her. The scent of Melissa fills her nostrils, making her arousal burn. Every part of this moment is glorious. “...okay, I guess...”

“That’s good...” Melissa yawns, and her eyes droop. “You’re pretty good at this cuddling thing...”

“Damn right...” The red-head shifts in the bed. She’s not *uncomfortable*, but... “Fuck... you’re a damn torturer, Mel...”

Melissa looks up at her best friend. “Oh?” she smirks. “Why’s that?”

Lindsay can feel her cheeks flushing with arousal. “Cause you’re turning me on like nothing else in my *fucking life* right now. If I was a futanari, my balls would be blue as shit.” She bites her lip, and barely suppressed a moan. “My pussy’s flowing like a fucking waterfall right now. Falling asleep like this is gonna be...” She trails off, her vagina beginning to pulse along with her heartbeat.

“Lin... I don’t mind if you wanna...” Melissa bites her lip, and looks toward the ceiling. “Y’know. Take care of it...”

It takes Lindsay a moment to get what her best friend is suggesting. “Wait, really? You’re cool with that?” The idea is absolutely scandalous. “While I’m right next to you?”

Melissa nods. "Yeah, go for it." She blushes. "I... wanna see you do it."

"Okay!" Lindsay needs little encouragement to masturbate, but Melissa's encouragement is highly arousing. "Here I go!" Intertwining her arm with her best friend's, the red-head reaches down for her vagina. As expected, it's soaking wet, and Lindsay can feel the warm liquid running down her thighs. Touching it sends a shockwave of pleasure through her body. "F-fuck..."

Beside her, Melissa rolls over slightly, and buries her face in Lindsay's shoulder. "Don't take too long, okay?" she whispers softly. The feel of hot breath on her ear makes the red-head's vagina pulse.

"I never do!" Lindsay jokes, and then begins to rub her slit. The feeling is incredible, as always, but the feeling of her best friend's weight against her shoulder is something else entirely. As she drives a finger inside of herself, Lindsay's whole body twitches violently. "Fuck!"

Burying her head into Melissa's hair, the red-head begins to masturbate in earnest. Arousal has filled her mind, hampering any other kind of thought. Normally, she would have liked to take her time, but right now, all she wants to do is reach orgasm as quickly as she can. Her fingers move quickly, as she slips another inside, stretching out her vagina.

She feels Melissa's head move, off of the red-head's breasts, up to the gap between her head and her shoulder. There, Melissa begins to kiss the side of Lindsay's neck, ever so gently. It's cute and romantic, Lindsay knows that, but it's also driving her pussy wild.

The red-head can feel her vagina ready for the final sprint. Slipping a third finger inside, Lindsay begins to fuck herself as quickly as she can possibly go. Over and over, she drives into herself, seeking the deepest depths that her fingers can reach. The further she goes, the better it feels. The faster she goes, the closer that boiling orgasm comes. And on top of it all, is Melissa, quietly whispering into her ear.

"Come on, Lin... Cum for me..."

Lindsay does.

A rush of pleasure ripples out from the red-head's vagina, spreading quickly along her nervous system. Her whole body shudders violently, and Melissa has to hold on tight not to be shaken off. Lindsay's mind goes blank, conscious only of the white-hot pleasure and the feeling of Melissa's bare skin. Finally, a huge spurt of liquid sprays out of her vagina, instantly soaking the sheets covering them both.

A few moments later, Lindsay comes down from her orgasm high, breathing as if she's just run a marathon. With a wet pop, the red-head pulls her fingers out of herself, each one slick with fluid. Her body continues to twitch every now and then, sharp aftershocks of the storm of

pleasure that had just raged through her body. After a moment, she feels the stickiness of the sheets against her legs.

“Oh, shit... sorry, Mel...” Lindsay throws off the sheets, leaving the two woman nude on the bed. “I kinda... ruined your sheets.”

Melissa shrugs against her. “I’ve done it before... to those same sheets.”

“You shoulda told me that when I was masturbating...” Lindsay still feels aroused, and deeply conscious of her best friend’s touch, but she can actually think straight now. Not that there was anything ‘straight’ about the situation they were in right now.

Beside her, the freckled girl giggles softly. “Maybe...” she yawns again. “I don’t mind sleeping like this...” The fan above them is on, but the room is still warm enough for the two of them to just sleep like this, nude without a blanket.

Lindsay can see that her best friend is barely staying awake now. “Fuck, Mel, it’s only, like, *midnight*. How are you this sleepy?”

“Today was...” She feels Melissa scowl against her. “Today was... I think it kinda changed me...”

The red-head blinks, and looks down at her best friend. “It changed you?”

“Lin...” Melissa hesitates, and then looks up at Lindsay. “I wanna... no, I...” She sighs, having trouble finding the right words. “Today, I met someone who... she was a predator. With a capital ‘P.’” Lindsay feels her shiver. “I... if she’d really tried to eat me, I’d be...”

Lindsay squeezes her shoulder. “But you got away. Because you’re a badass, Melissa Jones.” The thought of anyone trying to take Melissa away from her fills the red-head with rage. “You don’t need to be scared of...”

“I do!” Melissa shakes her head. “I couldn’t... I couldn’t do anything! Even while she was... dominating that police woman.” She looks up at Lindsay. “I need more, Lin... I need to *be* more. And I need you to show me how...”

Lindsay is confused about what Melissa means for a moment. Then, she understands. “You... actually *want* to be a predator?” Her best friend had eaten someone in the past, it was true. But for her to be a *predator*...

Melissa hesitates for a moment, and then nods. “I... want to be a predator. Because I was scared of that woman... but part of me wanted to *be* her. To be strong, and to dominate everyone. If I was her, I’d never need to be scared ever again.”

A wry grin splits Lindsay's face. "Then, go to sleep, Mel." Lindsay knew that falling asleep herself would take a long time, if at all. "We can start your... training tomorrow, okay?" She feels a nod from Melissa, and then reaches over to her phone on the bedside table. "One more thing, okay? You don't need to get up or anything."

Holding the phone up, Lindsay smiles for the camera, making sure to get her sleepy best friend in the shot. The light flashes, and the red-head deftly flips the phone around in her hand. Looking over the picture she's just taken, Lindsay grins in satisfaction. Melissa's face is clearly recognisable, and they were both clearly naked in bed. Any further ambiguity is removed by the slick shine between Lindsay's legs. It achieves its aim perfectly; to show to the world that Melissa Jones belongs to her.

Melissa closes her eyes, and lays her head back down on Lindsay's breasts. To the red-head's surprise, barely a few minutes later, she feels her best friend begin to snore softly. Today must have been an ordeal and a half to make Melissa that tired, Lindsay realizes.

The red-head opens her VoreFans app, ignoring the deluge of money and messages, and navigating over to the 'new post' section. *My new girlfriend. Anyone who recognises her gets a free masturbation video.* Lindsay types into her phone, and then submits the post for over ten thousand people to see, some of them almost instantly. She doubted anyone subscribed to her wouldn't recognise the girl she'd been promoting for nearly a week straight.

Reaching over with her other hand, Lindsay turns off the bedside table, letting darkness flood the bedroom. For a long while, the red-head stares into the darkness, enjoying the blissful serenity of her best friend's snores.

Leaning her head down slightly, Lindsay kisses the top of the freckled girl's head. "Good night, Melissa. I love you." She sighs in contentment. "I hope you understand what you've signed up for here... Your heart belongs to me... you're mine forever. You can never love anyone else ever again." It was only fair, Lindsay had already resigned herself to the same in regards to Melissa.

With her other hand, she touches her stomach, caressing it slowly. "You can't hear me in there yet, but... I hope you like your new mum. If the both of us are lucky, she might be carrying a sister for you in her tummy ." Lindsay is deeply looking forward to the day when her pregnancy is visible. "Don't worry about the room, though. I've found a much nicer place for us to raise you in... and the woman living in it is gonna nourish you if she doesn't get out of our way..." Lindsay was gonna eat that bitch anyway, she already knew.

Lindsay lays back in the bed, and closes her eyes. A few minutes later, the sound of the two lovers snoring softly fills the room.

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In the street below, a dark shape watches the bedroom light flick off. A white smile glitters in the darkness as Azrael leans back against the police car that had once belonged to Constable Hoffman. The dark predator basks in the moonlight, drawing strength from the stars that hung over the sleeping city of Sydney. Her muscles ripple as she looks up at the window, staring intently at where she knows the soul of Melissa Jones resides.

It had been easy enough to find Melissa's Jones's apartment. A Chief Superintendent of the Sydney Police could find that information with a few clicks of a database, after all. Azrael had found that out long before she'd tried to meet Melissa. This isn't the first time she's watched from down here, either.

"Do you really think you're safe in there, Melissa Jones?" Azrael speaks out loud, her deep voice reverberating across the empty alleyway.

She'd watched the woman, Lindsay Smith, enter the apartment building. The red-headed bitch had gone in, but she hadn't come out. And now, Melissa's bedroom light is off. Either Lindsay Jones was melting in Melissa's gut, which Azrael strongly doubted, or the two of them had engaged in sin together. She'd long suspected that Smith harbored feelings for Melissa. How couldn't she?

The thought of Melissa Jones engaging in carnal lust with the red-headed whore fills Azrael with disgust. Still, she contents herself with the knowledge that this situation won't last long. "Do you really think you can just... *take* Melissa Jones without consulting *me*?" The dark predator smiles, cruelty and malice made manifest. "I will devour the joy you've failed to *earn*, whore. And when I'm done, Melissa Jones won't even remember your name."

The stars twinkle softly above the skyline. Somewhere, Azrael knows, someone is being devoured alive. Someone is being swallowed whole by a predator, and someone else is melting to death inside another predator. In the morning, she knew the police would find quite a few suspiciously large piles of shit in some alleyways. Others would be quietly deposited into private toilets. Either way, a number of people would go missing, and their fates would never be discovered.

Azrael smiles at the knowledge that one more will be added to that number soon enough.

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End of Part EIGHT



KNOWN STATUS OF KNOWN CHARACTERS AT THE END OF PART EIGHT:

<b>Name:</b>	<b>Status:</b>	<b>Relationship:</b>	<b>Finances:</b>	<b>Fertility :</b>	<b>Activity:</b>
<b>Melissa Jones</b>	Alive	In a relationship with Lindsay Smith	Wealthy	!Status Unknown!	Nervous about a lot of things, but having Lindsay Smith cuddling her while she sleeps is doing wonders for her. Maybe becoming a real predator won't be as hard as it seems...
<b>Lindsay Smith</b>	Alive	In a relationship with Melissa Jones	Wealthy	Pregnant (Tiffany)	All her dreams came true today. Now with money, fame, and in possession of the girl she loves, it's hard to imagine flying any closer to the sun than she is right now.
<b>Talia Vanderberg</b>	Dead	Digested by Melissa Jones	Dead	Dead	Her necklace is largely all the remains of Talia Vanderberg. Well, that and the boobfat that Lindsay enjoyed tonight.
<b>Jessica Storm</b>	Alive	Single (kinda)	Opulent	Very Virile	Currently getting sucked off by Marlene, her assistant and lover.
<b>Azrael Tueuer</b>	Alive	Hunting Melissa Jones	???	Very Virile	Determined to build her happy ending on the ruins Lindsay's own.
<b>Sejin Yeong</b>	Dead	Digested by Jessica Storm	Dead	Dead	Bouncing on her ex-girlfriend's chest. A common fate for Jessica's former lovers.
<b>Samantha Hoffman</b>	Dead	Digested by Azrael Tueuer	Dead	Dead	Gone, and forgotten. The girl who she sacrificed her life to save doesn't even remember her name, and laughed when her best friend said no-one cared about Hoffman's death.
Marlene	Alive	Devoted to Jessica Storm	Average	Pregnant (Jessica)	Delighted to serve as a sex slave and brood mare for Jessica. She's the one sucking her off, after all.
Xanthe Lewis	Dead	Digested by an unknown pred.	Was rich	Dead	Gone, but not forgotten. Probably would have been shocked to hear that her two friends are "lesbians for each other", as she'd describe it.
Jane	Dead	Digested by an unknown pred.	Broke	Dead	Gone, but not forgotten. Suspected that Lindsay had feelings for Melissa long before the red-head figured it out herself.